



Good Friday.

Christ Church, N.Y., at half past Eleven o'clock.



Litany.



FAITHFUL Cross, above all others
One and only noble Tree,
None in foliage, none in blossom,
None in fruit thy peer may be;
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron;
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

Bend, O lofty tree, thy branches,
Thy two rigid sinews bend;
And awhile the stubborn hardness,

Which thy birth bestowed, suspend,
And the limbs of Heaven's High Monarch
Gently on thine arms extend.

Thou alone wast counted worthy
This world's ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race forever
Might a port of refuge gain,
With the sacred Blood anointed
Of the Lamb for sinners slain.



Pre-Anaphoral Service.



The Service of the Three Hours' Agony.

Hymn 100 (Hymns Ancient and Modern.)

THE FIRST WORD,	Hymn 77	(H. A. M.)
THE SECOND WORD,	" 140	"
THE THIRD WORD,	" 98	"
THE FOURTH WORD,	" 163	"
THE FIFTH WORD,	" 96	"
THE SIXTH WORD,	" 66	(Prayer Book.)
THE SEVENTH WORD,	" 91	(H. A. M.)

Hymn 88 "

3 hours of my service

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